

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, — Editor and Proprietor

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## Scientific Execution.

Society is revenged upon the convict in his expectancy of death. The manner of it does not probably affect him in the least. But it is while he is waiting for the hand to strike him that the man who can not be forgiven on this side of the grave pays to his kind the penalty of his crime, and it matters not jut whether the hand holds a rifle, an ax or a rope. And it is the knowledge of the fact that the apprehension of his fate is the real punishment of the assassin that is perpetually leading the thoughtful to discuss the question of merciful forms of execution. The rifle is a bungling instrument at best, for how are we to steady the hands and eyes of the men who step out at the word of a corporal to shoot down a comrade by word of command? The ax again, as history tells us, loses its edge in the grasp of a sympathetic executioner; and though we can subsidize the hands of men to strike the blow, what hire can we give to hearts that they shall cease to beat pitifully, and so unnerve the arms that are already in our pay? The rope too, has been proved again and again, even in the congenital hands of the dead hangman, a blundering means of torture. It catches upon elbows, slackens in the wrong places, or breaks when an old cord is used or the strain has been wrongly calculated. No wonder, therefore, that humanity, scandalized at such mishaps, should still cast about for some other means of fulfilling the last demands of justice.

No surely should science be unable to provide the means. For apart from the various methods which command themselves to specialists, there are others whereby instantaneous death can be assured. We might cite, for example, execution by lightning, which electricity seems to have placed within our power. When the writer of the "Coming Race" imagined the wonders of "evil," and showed us the executioners of the Aas destroying the doomed by a torch of the terrible staff, he may really have been pointing out, as he does in so many other instances, a direction in which science has yet to work a great reform, since in the magnetic current we have undoubtedly a life-taking weapon that is quite as formidable as evil. There could be no bungling, no chance of the nerves giving way, for death would follow the completion of the circuit as completely and swiftly as under a lightning flash, and thus, without any of the dreadful accessories now attending public executions, justice would be satisfied and the last penalty paid. The suggestions, at all events, are worth consideration in those high quarters where such serious matters are settled, and we put it before them as a possible mode of rapid punishment which, admitting of few chances of failure, would spare the shock now sometimes inflicted on public feelings. How and by what means the mysterious potency could be employed, if at all, remains for electricians to decide; but enough is already known to suggest a hope that the rope as an instrument of execution may before very long be disused, even if Marwood is not to be the last of our common hangmen.

The time will come when, in America, John Chinaman will have his right to vote, and he will be smothered with kisses, and the democratic party will throw its arms around his neck and kiss him on one cheek and the republican party will throw its arm around his neck and kiss him on the other cheek, and then both parties will get into a fight as to which has loved him longer and loved him best." —[Dr. Talmage.]

There are at present 120 newspapers in the United States of which the publishers, editors and chief contributors are negroes. The oldest is the *Elevator*, of San Francisco, which has attained its eighteenth year.

"Pa," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a good deal more, isn't it, after it's broke?" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because I broke the new rocking horse you gave me this morning."

Edison's Electric Light is a wonderful discovery, but not as wonderful as Hall's Catarrh Cure. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

## The Man Who Leaves the Door Open.

While the Man Who Takes Your Umbrella has all seasons for his own, and the Man Who Has a Little Story to Tell fails not in seed time nor in harvest, there is one particular fiend who becomes particularly numerous at about the time when there is a coolness in the morning breeze and no steam in the radiator. We refer to the Man Who Leaves the Door Open.

He comes to the office on various ostensible errands, in fact on about every known pretext—except to settle a bill—but always his actual purpose is to go away leaving wide open the portal through which the autumnal zephyrs come caressing with glacial coolness, and bearing their chaste embrace full many a token of the pervasive dust from which we sprang, and to which we shall return. It does no good to bawl after him to shut the door. Oh, no! He is meandering down the sunny street, watching the white-winged clouds playing tag in the deep-smiling heavens. But as we lay down the pen, and push back the chair, and walk to the door and close it softly and pensively, and then stoop to gather up the scattered papers that have been whirled about our feet like fading forest leaves, the blessed Seraph whispers promises of a good time coming, and we are consoled with confidence that in the bright dawning of our autumn days will be free from carking care, for the Man Who Leaves the Door Open must go.

## Retribution.

"And can nothing cause you to change your mind, Mildred?"

"Nothing. My will is like iron. But yesterday I was timid trusting girl whose every heart-beat was for you; to-day I am a woman, and the trusting heart of yesterday has turned to ice. Go!" and she stately pointed to the garden gate.

"Oh Mildred, my lost darling," cried Heneage, starting to his feet with a dull moan, "do you realize what this will drive me to?"

But Mildred only muttered "go," and sternly pointed to the garden gate.

Then up rose Heneage. In place of the supplicating look of entreaty there was on his face the stony glare of despair. Clinching his hands he gave her one look and rushed wildly through the yard.

But see. Only a few steps and there is a start, a shriek of mortal agony; the strong arms are lifted a moment wildly in the air, and the body of Heneage Sturtevant with a thunderous fall lies senseless upon the sword.

The clothes-line had caught him just half an inch under his chin.—[Evansville (Ind.) Argus.]

The Superior Court of Kentucky has made decisions involving points as follows:

It is not necessary that a defendant should have been judicially found to be of unsound mind to enable the court to appoint a guardian ad litem for him. Persons with whom a firm has been accustomed to deal, not having notice of the dissolution of the firm, are not affected by it.

Money received as a pension from the Federal Government is exempt from seizure for the pensioner's debts even after it has come into his possession.

A judgment in a misdemeanor case can be reversed only for an error of law apparent on the record to the prejudice of the appellant.

To constitute the offense of unlawfully obstructing a public road it is not necessary that the obstruction should, as a matter of fact, have prevented the free use of the road. It is enough that it was calculated to do so.

The National Live Stock Journal says: Much of the value of potatoes as hog food depends upon cooking. Indeed when fed largely raw, they produce scouring, and do not all digest.

Potato is composed so largely of starch that cooking is almost indispensable to aid digestion. A little raw potato is beneficial to the hog's stomach when fed largely on corn. It is laxative and cool, allaying the feverish tendency from the heating effects of corn. But when fed to get the most out of them for fattening, potatoes should be boiled soft; and it grain is fed with them, it would be best to boil both together.

The deepest sea sounding ever made, says the *Scientific American*, was made in the Pacific ocean, near the entrance to Behring's Sea. Bottom was struck at 4,655 fathoms. The cast was made from the United States school-ship *Tuscarora*. The shallowest water in the middle of the Atlantic, 731 fathoms, shows the subsidence of mountains 10,556.

## Inventions and Industries.

A Frenchman claims to have discovered a simple method by which bronze is made as malleable as copper or iron. His process consists of the addition of from 1 to 2 per cent. of mercury, which acts mechanically rather than chemically, and produces the desired effect.

An iron company in England is converting the slag from their furnaces into concrete for building and other purposes.

A new office has been built, in which the door and window facings and the ornamental parts usually made of stone are made of concrete. A contract has also been made with one of the railroad companies to furnish slab-concrete flags ready for use for laying down platforms at the stations.

A mechanist at Dunedin, New Zealand, has obtained a patent for an improved furnace for locomotive and other steam boilers.

It is designed with a view of saving fuel, and the grate bars are set out from the tube sheet, to leave an air passage between them. A fire bridge is supported by the grate bars, and is provided with vertical, inclined and horizontal slabs and a flange surrounding the air-chamber.

Straw, wood, shavings and all fibrous substances are now used in the manufacture of a great variety of vessels.

A New England company are manufacturing large quantities of barrels, baskets, kegs, tubs, etc., from the pulp of these materials, which is molded and compressed into the desired form. The vessels have no cracks, and, consequently, cannot leak or sift the contents, and will not dry up or shrink.

Mr. W. G. Bagnall, of Stafford, England, has built the smallest locomotive ever fitted together for actual use. It has a three-inch cylinder and thirteen-and-one-half-inch wheel, and its maximum width is only thirty-one inches.

It of three-horse power and eighteen-inch gauge.

It is to be used on some road in South America. Locomotives by the same builder, of the same type, but a little larger, are employed in South Africa, Java and India.

**BORDEAUX AND ITS WINES.**

In the United States Bordeaux is better known by its wines than by its political or religious history. In its vicinity, between the broad and deep Garonne and the sea, lies the most celebrated wine district in the world. This is the famous Medoc region, and contains the world-renowned Chateau Margaux, Chateau Lafitte, St. Estephe, St. Julien and Macon vineyards. Probably no other territory of equal size, not even amid the gold and diamond field, has produced more, if so much, wealth as this. The Bordeaux wines, indeed, have enriched France more than any other one interest. For table use, when pure, they are probably the best in existence, a fact which dealers here tell me the Americans know well how to appreciate.

There is a striking and singular difference, however, between Bordeaux on the banks of the Garonne and Bordeaux on the banks of some other rivers.

The great wine vaults of Bordeaux are interesting. Through the courtesy of a friend I was permitted to descend into one of them. The experience of going through that cellar is, as an Irishman would say, much like that of passing through the catacombs of Rome, only different. The vaults are two stories deep, one series under the other. Most of the wines in store are in bottles, placed on iron racks, and laid upon their sides, in order to prevent the admission of air through the corkage. Many of the racks are overspread with fungus, which grows in such places in very curious forms, and without any apparent moisture to nourish it. In many of the racks the bottles had lain for ten, twenty and even thirty years untouched. The wine in casks is racked off at certain intervals in order to eliminate the sediment. —*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Ex-PRESIDENT HAYES kept a list of the babies he kissed in four years and a half, and the number was 4,282.

**HE STOPPED HIS PAPER.**

Once upon a time a man got mad at the editor and stopped his paper. The next week he sold his corn at 4 cents below the market price. Then his property was sold for taxes, because he didn't read the Sheriff's sales. He was arrested and fined \$8 for going hunting on Sunday, and he paid \$300 for a lot of forged notes that had been advertised two weeks and the public cautioned not to negotiate them. He then paid a big Irishman, with a foot like a forge hammer, to kick him all the way to the newspaper office, where he paid four years' subscription in advance and made the editor sign an agreement to knock him down and rob him if he ever ordered his paper stopped again. Such is life without a newspaper.—*Columbia Banner.*

The largest lump of ambergris ever known was in the possession of the King of Tidore, and purchased of his Majesty by the Dutch East India Company. It weighed 182 pounds. Another enormous piece, or 130 pounds weight, was found inside a whale near the Windward Islands, and sold for \$2,500. The true ambergris, which is a morbid secretion of the spermacei whale, gives out a fragrant smell when a hot needle is thrust into it, and it also melts like fat, but the counterfeit often sold instead of the real thing does not present these features. Men engaged in whale fishing are on the lookout for ambergris, and usually find most of it in the torpid, sick or very lean fish, consequently it would appear to be, what all medical practitioners say it is, the product of a diseased liver.

## The Art of Taking Things Easy.

Many years ago there was a man in Heffe (Heathfield) parish, the next parish to our own on the west, who, having a small annuity, lived upon it in idleness. Low as his credit was, he had managed to get considerably in debt, and the visits of his creditors in the hope of getting their money were frequent and pressing. The man was not an early riser, and persons who specially wanted to find him at home would make sure by calling before he was up. One morning a neighbor knocked at the door, and insisted on the man's wife rousing her husband and compelling him to settle an account.

She accordingly went upstairs, woke her husband, and failing, as usual, to get any money, said, rather sharply, "I wonder, John, how you can sleep when you owe all the money you do." "Oh, I can sleep very well," he said, "if I do owe money; but" turning round for another snore, he added, "I sometimes do wonder how they can sleep that I owe money to." A similar contrast between an anxious mind and an easy one I once heard from a stranger in a train, who was telling me of an interview which, soon after he set up in business for himself, he had with a friend who, having been in business a little more than a year, was already hopelessly insolvent and had several writs out against him, and yet seemed perfectly calm and unconcerned. "I said to him," added my companion, "I wonder how ever you manage to take things as easy as you do. Why, I can pay 20 shillings in the pound, and yet often and often I can't sleep for thinking." "Ah," he said, "that's just the difference between us. You can't sleep for thinking, and I can't think for sleeping." —*Leisure Hour.*

## AUTHORS' OPINIONS OF AUTHORS.

Says an English paper: Pitt told Wilberforce, respecting Bishop Butler's great work, "You may prove anything by analogy." Sydney Smith says the book is "the most noble and surprising defense of revealed religion ever made." Fielding was "the prose Homer of human nature," according to Byron; "a blockhead," if we believe Dr. Johnson. Johnson himself was dubbed "Ursa Major" by Lord Auchinclee. "He has nothing of the bear but the skin," said Goldsmith. "Johnson was an odious and mean character," according to Horace Walpole; Mr. Thomas Carlyle praises him as "a mass of genuine mankind." "Sir, I don't think Gray a first-rate poet," quoth Johnson. "I have been reading Gray's works, and I think him the only poet since Shakespeare entitled to the character of the sublime," wrote Cowper. "The first of solemn coxcomb," says Warton of Goldsmith. "An inspired idiot," says Horace Walpole; while Bishop Percy speaks of his "elegant and enchanting style." Curran tells us that "Edmund Burke's mind was like an over-decorated chapel filled with gauds and shows and badly-assorted ornaments." Sir James Macintosh held he was "the greatest philosopher in practice the world ever saw."

"There could not," said Porson, "be a better exercise for a schoolboy than to turn a page of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall' into English." "The luminous page of Gibbon," said Sheridan; though the wit afterward declared he meant "voluminous."

SOME of the Chinese similes are said to be as pointed as they are sarcastic. They call a blustering, harmless fellow "a paper tiger." A man who places too high a valuation upon himself they compare to "a rat falling into a scale and weighing itself." A hunchback making a bow is what they call overdoing the thing. A spendthrift they compare to "a rocket," which goes off all at once, and a man who expends his charity on remote objects, neglecting his own family, is said to "hang up a lantern on a pole, which is seen afar, but gives no light below."

## AMBERGRIS.

The largest lump of ambergris ever known was in the possession of the King of Tidore, and purchased of his Majesty by the Dutch East India Company. It weighed 182 pounds. Another enormous piece, or 130 pounds weight, was found inside a whale near the Windward Islands, and sold for \$2,500. The true ambergris, which is a morbid secretion of the spermacei whale, gives out a fragrant smell when a hot needle is thrust into it, and it also melts like fat, but the counterfeit often sold instead of the real thing does not present these features. Men engaged in whale fishing are on the lookout for ambergris, and usually find most of it in the torpid, sick or very lean fish, consequently it would appear to be, what all medical practitioners say it is, the product of a diseased liver.

## IN THE RANKS OF THE PRESS.

Prof. Swing says, in the Chicago *Advertiser*: "As the newspaper press has prospered, so in proportion have the poet, the novelist and the dramatist disappeared. In the commencement of this century the list of authors, headed by Byron, Shelley, Moore, Scott, Sheridan, Colman, Bulwer and Knowles, formed but a few of the phalanx. Where are their successors of this period? They are private soldiers in the ranks of the press. Fellow-wielders of the scissars and the pen, clip this item."

Motto to milk men.—To the pure all things are pure.

## A HOT-WATER RIVER.

The great Sutro tunnel, cut to relieve the celebrated Comstock mines at Virginia City, Nev., of vast quantities of hot water which is encountered in them, affords an outlet to 12,000 tons every twenty-four hours, or about 3,000,000 gallons. Some of the water, as it finds its way out of the mines, has a temperature of 195 deg., while four miles from the mouth of the tunnel the temperature ranges from 130 to 135. To obviate the inconvenience which would arise from the vapor such a vast quantity of water would give off, the flow is conducted through the entire tunnel, four miles, in a tight flume made of pine. At the point of exit the water has lost but 7 deg. of heat. Sixty feet below the mouth of the tunnel the hot water is utilized for turning machinery belonging to the company, from whence it is turned off by a tunnel 1,100 feet in length, which serves as a water-way. Leaving the waste way-tunnel the water flows to the Carson river, a mile and a half distant. The hot water is being utilized for many purposes. The boys have arranged several pools, where they indulge in hot baths. The miners and others use it for laundry purposes, and arrangements are being made whereby a thousand acres belonging to the company are to be irrigated. It is proposed to conduct the hot water through iron pipes, beneath the surface of the soil, near the roots of thousands of fruit trees which are to be planted, and in a similar manner give the necessary warmth to a number of hot houses to be used for the propagation of early fruits and vegetables.

## A DEAD SOLDIER.

A soldier, wishing to get his discharge, shammed deafness so successfully that all the medical men who examined his case were deceived by him. No noise, however sudden or unexpected, had any power to disturb his equanimity; and he had acquired such perfect control over his nerves that a pistol fired over his head when he was asleep did not apparently awake him. Grave suspicions to the genuineness of his malady were entertained, notwithstanding. Like most malingerers he was a little too clever and complete. Still, it seemed impossible to catch him tripping. A final examination was made; the doctors expressed themselves satisfied, and the soldier was present with his certificate of discharge. Outside the door he met a comrade who whispered, "Have you got it?" with an appearance of eager interest. "Yes, here it is!" was the unguarded reply. But the certificate, though filled in, was not signed, and the malingerer was a solid man.—*Chambers' Journal.*

## RELATION OF THE NOSE TO THE FACE.

A somewhat singular fact has been observed with reference to the shape of the nose, or, rather, the setting of it, so to speak. To be strictly correct, from the artist's point of view, the nose should be accurately in the middle of the face, and at right angles from the pupil of one eye to that of the other. As a matter of fact it is rarely or never found thus placed; it is almost invariably a little out of the "square," and the fact of its being so is often that which lends a peculiar expression and piety to the face. A medical writer points out that there are anatomical reasons why a slight deviation from the true central line may be expected, and that the nose which is thus accurately straight between the two eyes may, after all, be considered an abnormal one; the only absolutely true and correct organ being, in fact, that which thus deviates a little to the right or left.

A SWARM of bees in the Sweetwater valley, Cal., settled on a rattlesnake that was six feet in length, twelve inches girth and had twenty-two rattles. They stung him violently so that he was blinded, and he was easily killed with a knife.

ALPHONSE GARR, referring to foot adulterations in France, once said: "If I poison my grocer I shall be sent to the penitentiary, but if he poisons me he gets off with \$10 fine."

No matter how judicious the substitute may be from disease or excess, the German Invigorator restores it permanently. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

Mrs. Jane S. McIntosh, Louisville, says: "My daughter has been an invalid for years, and Brown's Iron Bitters has afforded

## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, November 2, 1883

W. P. WALTON, - - - EDITOR

### For 2 Dollars

For one month we will receive subscriptions to the *INTERIOR JOURNAL* at TWO DOLLARS per year, cash. Old as well as new subscribers are embraced in this offer, provided they pay within the time specified all arrears and a year in advance. Now is the chance for those who complain that \$2.50 is more than they can pay for a paper.

THE murder of women by sneaking men continues to be the pastime in the Northern States. Connecticut particularly is noted for this species of crime, and the worst part of it is the perpetrators are never found out. The murderers of Mary Stannard, Jennie Cramer and Rose Ambler still pollute the earth, and now another mysterious murder comes to light. On Friday last the body of a woman was found in a small stream at Sanger Park, near Norwalk. The wounds on the head showed that she had been murdered. The body proved to be that of Mrs. Julia Godfrey, a beautiful woman of 26, who was inclined to a gay society life, much to the displeasure of her husband, ten years her senior, who was fond of the quiet of home. They had quarreled repeatedly about it, and a week or more ago she left him, declaring life with him to be insupportable. There is no evidence as yet that Godfrey murdered her, though owing to the quarrels they had had, suspicion is fixed upon him.

A GORGEOUS engraving of one of its editors adorns the sixth page of Wednesday's *Courier-Journal*. Up here where the gentlemen are but slightly known save by reputation, there is a good deal of doubt and discussion as to which of them it is intended as the counterfeit presentment. Some claim that it is the bright and accomplished Dan O'Sullivan, others say that they see in it the lineaments of the benign countenance of the coming clerk of the House, Polk Johnson, some are equally as confident that they can discover traces of the beautiful city editor, George Jones, while others swear by the eternal that it is Mr. Haldeman himself and nobody else. We believe they are all wrong and that the jovial critic of the music of steamboat whistles, the great and good Will Hays, is the gentleman intended to be complimented. Will not the editor of the *Commercial* decide the question and oblige a long suffering community all broken up with conflicting doubts and fears.

It is telegraphed from Wampum, Wis., that a runaway married woman had donned male attire and passing herself off as a man had won the affections of a young lady to whom she was duly united in matrimony. The report goes on to say that the couple had been living happily together since last spring and would probably have continued to do so, had not the husband of the female husband arrived in search of her. This story might do to tell the marines, but old sailors know it is too thin. A woman might fool another into such an unnatural marriage, but to make her stand the description six months or even a day is preposterous. She don't take to that kind of husbands else there wouldn't be so many old maids in the country, longing for some one to love. A genuine man is what she wants and a pair of old breeches does not make one.

The Louisville *Commercial* gives the lie direct to the paragraph that is going the rounds to the effect that it has been sold and will be made a democratic paper, and adds: "The untruthfulness of the quotation was recorded when the paragraph was first printed, but a lie always distances the truth. We reiterate that the *Commercial* has not been sold and will continue to be an independent paper. No changes are contemplated except to improve each issue in the line of policy at present pursued. The *Commercial* is making money, was never before so prosperous and is quite well satisfied with itself." We are glad to know this for it is a capital paper and deserves success.

Jonathan Davis was a bachelor of 65, and Elizabeth Elyett a maiden of 60. They had lived in the same country in Georgia all these years, but they met for the first time at an evening party last week. It was a case of love at first sight on both sides. Jonathan proposed, and they were married then and there.

The trite old saying that "persons who live in glass houses should never throw stones" is about to lose its aptness, for an English inventor has produced a method of hardening glass to be used for house building at which an occupant can throw all the stones he wants to without hurting anything.

An exchange figuring on the result of the Iowa election shows that as a great republican victory it was a lamentable failure. In 1880 Mr. Garfield obtained a republican plurality of about 45,700, but in the last election the republican plurality was only about 25,000 and the majority but 2,000. In the State Legislature of 1882-3 the republicans had a clear majority of eighty-three on a joint ballot and a majority of forty-five in the House. But in the Lower House, which was all elected this year, the regular republicans number only fifty-one, while the democrats can count upon forty-eight and perhaps the one independent vote; so that the republican majority will in the new House be only three and perhaps four.

In the last Congress all of Iowa's Representatives were republicans, but in the next there will be five democrats and six republicans. The republican party at this rate will soon be numbered among the things that were.

With cheaper transportation fo what we sell and lower prices for what we buy of course we can live more comfortably on the same money. With our present railroad accommodations, how many people are enjoying comforts which fifteen years ago they did not think it possible for them ever to possess, and how many take trips and see the outside world who, but for the railroads, would never have gone beyond the confines of the country. We are all better off, live more comfortably, know more of what is going on, have broader, wider sympathies with our fellowmen and are, in fact, different people.—[Winchester Democrat.]

It was with regret that we read yesterday the touching valedictory of Judge W. M. Beckner and Thomas G. Stuart, of the Winchester *Democrat*. Increasing professional cares of the one and bad health of the other causes the step. They have been in harness a long time and have issued a paper creditable alike to themselves and the fine section it visited.

Messrs. D. C. Leslie, of Clark, and W. B. Nichols, late of the Danville *Advocate*, have purchased the paper and will endeavor to keep it at its present high standard. They have our best wishes.

"We see it announced that Phil. B. Thompson, the slayer of Walter Davis, will be a candidate for re-election to congress from the eighth district next year. Surely the people of that district will not ratify the disgrace fixed upon the State by the jury that acquitted him of the crime of murder, of which he was guilty, by re-electing him to congress. As a bully and bulldozer he has heretofore been a complete success; we shall see if he shall continue to be hereafter."—[Cincinnati Democrat.]

This section does not want any more carp. Every one who has tried to eat them has had to leave the table go out of doors, and vomit. Several of Fayette's most prominent citizens have related to us instances of this kind. The taste of these finny scavengers is said to be altogether peculiar and nasty. One mouthful of carp is said to be empty the stomach quicker than a spoonful of ipecac.—[Lexington Advertiser.]

STEPHEN W. DORSEY has given \$5,000 to the University of New Mexico. This is better than an investment in Indiana votes. He may not get a dinner at Delmonico's and have the Vice-President of the United States patronizingly speak of his gift as "soap," but he is sure to reap a pleasant harvest from his investment than he did in 1880, when he elected Garfield.

MAJOR CRUMBAUGH, Collector of Internal Revenue in the Second Kentucky District, has been acquitted in the U. S. Court of the charge of using official envelopes for private correspondence. He is still to undergo an examination before the Internal Revenue Department and as he spoke of Commissioner Evans as a "vain, jealous man," it is not likely he will fare so well in that trial.

IT IS a cold week when Mercer county does not furnish a murder or two, and this is not one of that kind, for on Monday night Robert Pulliam, in a drunken row, shot R. I. Hawkins through the heart, killing him instantly, and mortally wounded James Moffatt. Reports of the affair are insufficient to determine whether or not the act was in any manner justifiable.

It is reported from Frankfort that Gov. Knott has positively refused to interfere in any fines against gamblers but will let the amounts go, where they properly belong, into the school fund. Now let him say and stick to it, that he will pardon no concealed weapon miscreant and he will be endorsed by the good people all over the State.

It is said that Attorney General Brewster is booked to go before the snows of winter cover the earth. We are glad of it. Brewster does not earn his wages by long odds and he is too much of a dude to get down to hard work.

### NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Vennor says to-morrow, Sunday and Monday we may expect a really cold snap.

—Fifteen hundred bales of cotton, awaiting shipment to New York were burned at Charleston, S. C.

—Crow Dog, sentenced to death at Deadwood for the murder of the Sioux Chief Spotted Tail, has escaped.

Judge Robert F. Baird, the noted criminal lawyer and politician, died in Louisville Wednesday.

—Shotwell, Clerihew & Lothmann, wholesale dry goods dealers, of Cincinnati, will remove to Minneapolis.

—Lawrenceburg also had a cyclone Monday. Numerous houses were blown down and much damage done.

—The receipts of the Government for the month of October were \$32,000,000 and the expenses \$15,000,000.

—A Lexington man who failed to get his ticket stamped at the Exposition and was put off the train, has sued the L. & N. for \$5,000.

—The town of Gordona, Texas, was totally destroyed by a conflagration that started in a drug store, which had been set on fire after being robbed.

—Nine Cherokee Indians have organized themselves into a company for the purpose of establishing a National Bank at Vinita, Indian Territory, with a capital of \$50,000.

—A horse-thief named Small, in the Belvidere Jail, N. J., has taken a notion that he will surpass Dr. Tanner's record as a fast. He has eaten nothing for twenty-four days.

—Chris Dickson was overcome by foul air whilst working in a cistern at Pittsburg and two others, who went to his rescue, were rendered insensible. All were dead when drawn out.

—The south-bound train on the Kentucky Central was thrown from the track near Falmouth, Tuesday evening, and four cars were turned, but there was no one injured.

—A disastrous fire, which burned 10 hours and destroyed 180 buildings, including factories, occurred at Savannah, Ga., Wednesday. The loss is estimated at over one million dollars.

—Eight new passenger coaches now running on the Kentucky Central Railroad cost \$6,500 each. They ride equal to the Pullman sleepers in point of comfort.—[Lexington Press.]

—Charles H. Sams, of Savannah, was accidentally killed in a New York shooting gallery by Jennie Mitchell, a member of the *coterie*. Sams belongs to the prominent Georgia family.

—Last Thursday twenty-one years ago, there was snow a foot deep in Kentucky, and eight inches in Tennessee and four in North Georgia. Bragg's army retreating from the State, encountered many privations.—[Bourbon News.]

—Twelve hundred pounds of dynamite exploded at Brooks Tunnel, on the B. & O. road, in Pennsylvania. Five men were killed. Buildings for fifteen miles around were shaken by the explosion, and window-glass was broken seven miles distant.

—The Washington County Court of Claims rather astonished the people over there last week by making appropriations of the amount of \$70,000. Over fifty thousand dollars of this amount was for the building of turnpikes and bridges.—[Lebanon Standard.]

—Mary Churchill, who mysteriously disappeared from her home in St. Louis, and whose father has spent much time and money in searching for her, writes and the letter is postmarked Indianapolis, that she is not on the stage, is still a maiden and earning an honest living.

—Paris, was struck by two different cyclones, the first passing over the city at 2 o'clock Monday morning and the second in the afternoon. Two persons were killed, several injured, and buildings were blown down. The loss of property is estimated at \$40,000. Taylor's clothing house, Brooks & Lyman's drug store and several warehouses were unroofed.

—The Interior Department has joined the Naval Observatory in recommending that the time of the 75th meridian, which is to be the standard of the Eastern division of the uniform railway schedule, be adopted as the local time of Washington City, and the recommendation meets with no opposition from the other Departments. If the change is made, the clocks in Washington will have to be put forward eight minutes and twenty-two seconds.

—It is a cold week when Mercer county does not furnish a murder or two, and this is not one of that kind, for on Monday night Robert Pulliam, in a drunken row, shot R. I. Hawkins through the heart, killing him instantly, and mortally wounded James Moffatt. Reports of the affair are insufficient to determine whether or not the act was in any manner justifiable.

It is reported from Frankfort that Gov. Knott has positively refused to interfere in any fines against gamblers but will let the amounts go, where they properly belong, into the school fund. Now let him say and stick to it, that he will pardon no concealed weapon miscreant and he will be endorsed by the good people all over the State.

It is said that Attorney General Brewster is booked to go before the snows of winter cover the earth. We are glad of it. Brewster does not earn his wages by long odds and he is too much of a dude to get down to hard work.

—M. E. Bell, of Iowa, succeeds Hill as Architect of the Treasury.

—While Hunter's Consolidated Show was exhibiting at New Edinburgh, Ark., unknown persons fired a volley through the canvas. The bullets passed through all parts of the tent, which was crowded with spectators. A contortionist who was performing in the ring was shot through the head and died instantly. The friends who fired the volley fled to the woods.

### BOYLE COUNTY.

Danville.

—Elder John Sweeney, of Paris, will begin a protracted meeting at the Christian church next Monday night.

—The marriage of Miss Josephine Salter, daughter of R. L. Salter, to Mr. Geo. W. Chestnut, of Louisville, is announced for Wednesday, 7th inst.

—Mr. John P. Hughes, of Lincoln county, near Hustonville, has purchased the Geo. Yeiser property, near the public school and will move here with his family about the 1st of December. The price paid was \$1,200.

—Mrs. Amanda Rodes and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Rodes, who have been visiting friends in St. Louis, returned Thursday. Mr. L. W. Lindley, of Missouri, who has spent a considerable portion of his time for the last two or three years in Central Kentucky, is here again on a brief visit. Mr. Lindley is the patentee of an excellent wire fence of barbed wire in Kansas City and one in Higginsville, Mo.

—Nearly all of Wednesday was consumed with the trial of Mag Fry, a colored woman accused of cutting Ritter Reed, another colored woman. The defendant was finally held in a bond of \$75 for her further appearance before the Circuit Court. Was it Shakespeare (old Bill) who wrote a drama called "Much Ado About Nothing?" An old-fashioned cat o' nine-tails, well-laid on would do more towards abolishing such rows as Mag and Ritter engaged in than the more elaborate methods now in vogue.

—Mr. Gabriel Rice died on Wednesday at 10:30 o'clock A. M. at the residence of Dr. Geo. Cowan. His death was the remote result of a fracture of the neck of the thigh bone, sustained in 1878, and the feebleuess attendant upon old age. Mr. Rice was born in Garrard county on the 1st day of April, 1874 and spent his early life on a farm in that county. After a brief employment as a merchant's clerk in Stanford, he came to Danville in 1875 and resided here continuously until his death. Shortly after his location in Danville, he and his brother, P. G. Rice, embarked in the dry goods and hemp manufacturing business, which they carried on successfully until 1870, being overtaken, however, by failure in that year of disasters to so many business interests. After the failure he became Teller in the Branch Bank of Kentucky and continued in that capacity until 1884, when through the efforts of himself, Col. Clifton Rodes, Messrs. Robert Washington, Issacher Fisher and others, the Central Bank of Kentucky was organized and he was appointed Teller. He was Teller of the bank until it was merged into the Central National Bank, after which he opened a private deposit bank and carried on successfully for several years. After a time, feeling the weight of years, he wound up this business and went to reside with his niece, who was the wife of Rev. Jonathan Edwards, D. D., then a professor in the Theological Seminary. Since the death of Mrs. Edwards, which occurred several years ago, he has made his home with the family of Dr. Geo. Cowan. Mrs. Cowan being also a niece. Mr. Rice was a known as a man who had deep convictions upon all matters religious, political and social, and as one who never hesitated at expressing his opinions, regardless of their popularity. He was the possessor of a fine library, and it might be added, a mind well-stored with useful knowledge. He was a modest, unassuming man, a friend of true merit wherever found and a gentleman by nature. He was a brother of Nathan L. Rice, D. D., the eminent Presbyterian divine, who held a religious debate many years ago with Alexander Campbell at Lexington and which was presided over by Henry Clay.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning - November 2, 1883

### I. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North ..... 105 P. M.  
" South ..... 100 P. M.  
Express train " North ..... 2:30 A. M.

### LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY PAINTS of Penny & McAlister.  
SCHOOL BOOKS at McRoberts and Stagg's.

AMMUNITION of all kinds at McRoberts & Stagg's.

NICE stock of birthday cards at Penny & McAlister's.

COLT'S Double Breech-loading at McRoberts & Stagg's.

STANDARD ready mixed paints at McRoberts & Stagg's.

JOS. HAAS Hog Choker Cure. Penny & McAlister sole agents.

We can sell you a gun any where from \$4 to \$75. McRoberts & Stagg.

BRAND NEW stock of every thing in the jewelry line at Penny & McAlister's.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

FOR coughs, colds, &c., use Compound Syrup White Pine. Put up in 25c and 50c bottles. Trial size 10c. McRoberts & Stagg.

### PERSONAL.

Mrs. T. B. MONTGOMERY and children are in Louisville.

MISS MAGGIE JONES, of this county, is the guest of Miss Maggie Saunders.

MISS CORINE COOPER is visiting Misses Annie and Jennie McAlister at Danville.

MISS LELIA WARREN, of Waverly, Mo., is visiting her uncle, Mr. R. C. Warren.

Mrs. J. M. HAIL and Mrs. Isaac Hamilton are visiting Mrs. Ingram in Louisville.

MRS. CROCKETT WILMORE, a pretty widow from Nashville, is visiting Mrs. G. Alford.

Mrs. S. S. McROBERTS has returned from a visit to Mrs. Judge P. E. Muir, in Peewee Valley.

Mrs. KAISER GRIMES left Wednesday to visit relatives at Kansas City, Mo., and will be gone some time.

MISSES MAMIE CHENAULT and Jennie Saufey went to the Exposition yesterday with Mr. J. S. Hughes.

MISSES LUCY BURTON, Annie and Mary Brown, Lettie and Sue Helm went to Louisville yesterday morning.

GEN. AND MRS. T. T. GARRARD, of Manchester, spent a day with their daughter Mrs. W. T. Green returning from the Exposition.

MR. A. T. HOOKER, Superintendent of Machinery at Stanford Junction, has broken up his household here and shipped his family to Nashville.

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MISSES FANNIE ROSE, of Little Rock, Ark., who has been visiting Miss Lucy Tate, returned home Wednesday, and a certain Bank President is sad and forlorn.

Gov. McCREEARY has not announced himself for Congress, but it is plain to see that he is a candidate. During his stay here this week he added many to his long list of friends.

A HUNTING party composed of Superior Judge A. E. Richards, of Frankfort Hon. Henry Clay, Judge A. T. Pope and Arthur Rutledge, of Louisville, and J. B. Clay, of Lexington, took conveyances here yesterday for Paint Lick, Garrard county, where they will spend several days in shooting at birds.

### LOCAL MATTERS.

You are invited to attend the Rink tonight.

WANTED—Irish Potatoes. Bright & Curran.

LARGE lot of carpet warp for sale by T. R. Walton.

I HAVE 200,000 good brick for sale. Henry Baughman, Stanford.

SPLENDID lot of French and fancy candies just received by T. R. Walton.

MAKE it a point to call Monday and get the INTERIOR JOURNAL one year for \$2.

A very heavy frost fell Wednesday night, the first of consequence during the fall.

LARGE and excellent lot of heavy overcoat and clothing just opened at J. W. Hayden's.

READ what Bruce, Warren & Co. say about the celebrated Buell Boots and shoes in this week.

Lost in Stanford, a pair of gold spectacles, marked "N. H. G." A liberal reward will be paid if left at this office.

COME and see the biggest and cheapest line of Cooking and Heating Stoves ever brought to Stanford. Bright & Curran.

THESE beautifully clear days give the lovers of nature a chance to enjoy the loveliest sunsets that an artist ever conceived.

THE coal dealers say it is cash or no coal now. Fourteen cents delivered and thirteen on the car are the ruling prices per bushel.

HAVING secured the services of Charles Kelley, I am prepared to do all kinds of fine work in the shoemaker's line. A. T. Nunnelley.

THE mail train was three hours late Tuesday, which accounts for our subscribers along the Cincinnati Southern failing to get their papers that day.

SOME Mulholland started the report here yesterday that in a row in the First National Bank at Danville, J. A. Quisenberry, Cashier, was shot and killed. The telephone very promptly put an end to the sensation, however.

STANFORD treated the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. in such a way as to win the highest praise from all the delegates. The Lexington delegates are profuse in their expressions of admiration of the beautiful little city. Every home in the town was thrown open and every latch-string was out to all the delegates.—[Transcript.]

Four or five dozen medium-size chickens wanted by T. R. Walton.

Come and see the handsome display of Queensware at Bright & Curran's.

Call on me before you buy anything in the grocery line. T. R. Walton.

MR. ED. MCROBERTS is raising his sidewalk and laying a new pavement, for which he is entitled to a vote of thanks.

REMEMBER we make a specialty of goods in quantity and can guarantee you lower prices than any one. Bright & Curran.

THE GRAND JURY has indicted the L. & N. R. R. in three cases for requiring their employees to do unnecessary work on the Sabbath day and one for obstructing the turnpike at Stanford. —[Richmond Herald.]

THE L. & N. excursion to the Louisville Exposition will leave Crab Orchard at 5:30 A. M. Saturday, passing here at 6:10 A. M., and arriving at the Exposition platform about 10:30 A. M. Returning it will leave the same point at 11 P. M., arriving here to breakfast. The fare for the round-trip, good only for that day and that train, will be \$1.50, which includes admission to the great show.

In his notes on the Odd Fellows meeting Mr. Wm. Remington, of the Paris Kentucky says: Wm. B. McRoberts, of the drug firm of McRoberts & Stagg, inquired Moore about the Bourbon young ladies than any one else we met.—The three delegates from Paris and A. Morrow, of Hutchinson, were taken in charge by Col. W. G. Welch and entertained at his elegant mansion in princely style. Col. Welch and his amiable lady did everything in their power for the comfort of their guests, and surely they were successful in their undertaking. Col. Welch stands at the head of the Stanford bar, is Master Commissioner and, his people think, should represent that district in Congress.—Editor Walton.

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C. Young and wife, Rev. E. H. Rutherford and wife and Miss Sallie D. Young, of Danville.—The protracted meeting at Mt. Vernon Baptist church, in this county, closed last Friday. Between 50 and 60 were received by baptism and letter.—[Versailles Sun.]

### MARRIAGES.

—James Pollard, of Garrard, and Miss Anna Ball, of this county, married at Mrs. Nancy Vaughn's Wednesday.

At the residence of the bride's father Mr. Chan Hunley, in this place, on Thursday evening last, the 25th inst., by Elder H. T. Wilson, Mr. Franklin G. Wardrop to Miss Maud S. Hunley. The happy couple left on a short visit to relatives in Stanford. —[Richmond Herald.]

—MANIER-OWSLEY.—The elegant country home of Hon. John S. Owlesy was the scene yesterday morning of the happy union of two loving hearts. His lovely daughter, Miss Mary E. Owlesy, just budding into the matchless charms of young womanhood, bright, amiable and accomplished, had been wooed and won by Mr. W. H. Manier, a young gentleman of Nashville, Tenn., and at 9:30 in the brilliantly-lighted parlors the consummation of their fondest hopes was realized as they stood before the Rev. R. H. Caldwell and took upon themselves the vows that shall unite "till death do part." Only the immediate friends and those relatives most interested in the welfare of the young couple, witnessed the sacred event, and the good wishes and God-speeds expressed were no mere lip services, but the genuine outbursts of loving hearts. Afterwards the party was ushered into the dining-room and seated to beautifully-dressed tables, filled with the choicest viands, excellently prepared, which were duly discussed and heartily enjoyed. Then there was the sad leave-taking with the father and mother that had loved and cherished her so fondly, and the young couple departed to enjoy their honeymoon in an extended trip North and East.

During the marriage service the bride was attired in an elegant white radishine silk and embossed velvet, point duchess lace and wore a full set of diamonds, one of the many costly presents she received.

The sun never shone on a gentler, lovelier bride. Naturally of a bright mind, she has improved every advantage that affectionate and wealthy parents could conceive for her pleasure or advancement, and although but eighteen years of age, she is thoroughly accomplished and fitted for any station in life. She belongs to one of the oldest and best families in the State, being a grand niece of Hon. Wm. Owlesy, who was Governor of Kentucky from 1844 to 1848.

Mr. Manier, the envied groom, is a handsome and stalwart young man of six feet one, and though but twenty-one, he is fast developing into a good business man of steady and irreproachable habits. His father is a wholesale boot and shoe dealer of Nashville, Tenn., and his family ranks with the first of the State. He is indeed to be congratulated on winning the love of so lovable a woman, and we hope for him and his that all their days on earth may be as bright as the one that saw them pronounced man and wife.

The following persons were present: The father and mother of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Manier, Messrs. Fred Porter, T. W. Evans, Wm. Scovill, J. W. Manier, Mrs. Cunningham, Jno. Ready, Jr., and his sister, Mrs. John D. Carpenter.

It seems to me the donors of the lighting tackle are premature in their significant indications of a determination to relate our distinguished President to the peaceful pursuits of private life.

Last night Mr. L. Sharpe and a friend were driving out in a buggy to attend a fox chase in the neighborhood. In the darkness a young man rode against the vehicle, smashing one of the wheels; this frightened the horse attached, which in his attempt to run away, wrecked the buggy and spilled the occupants. The parties were considerably scattered, but sustained no material damage.

A kind Providence has brought around again the season for the hunting of birds. The peculiar blessing attached to this season is the fact that it affords to the pining victims of elegant leisure an unquestioned right to take needed exercise in a reputable way. The idea has been caught and endorsed by the ebony race. Yesterday an aspiring and inspiring young acion of the imitative tribe alighted from the hack, retaining his railroad ticket in his hat-band in proof that he was a gentleman from "furrin parts," and marched up the street with gun in case and pointer dog, apparently as grand and as good for nothing as it would be possible for any white man to be.

The attention of strangers on entering our town is arrested by a star-spangled banner fluttering over a striped tent in Dr. Brown's lot. The Doctor has a photographer established there for the purpose of illustrating the contrast between "before and after taking." The Secretary of the District Medical Association will please take note of this and report it at the Lime Kiln Club for opinion. In this connection it may be stated that a learned, amiable and orderly gentleman of this place has just received, shipped to him from a distant city, a lot of game cocks of the bluest blood and most war-like reputation in the nation. People are curious to know what laudable purpose he can apply these belligerent birds. The presumption is that they are for the entertainment and instruction of his Sunday-School classes, as a standing illustration of the folly of letting their "angry passions rise."

—IRISH POTATOES wanted by T. R. Walton.

—NEW CORN is selling here at \$2.25 per bushel.

—JEFF HILL sold to Mr. SNOW 23 head of 2-year-old cattle, averaging 1,015 lbs. at \$4.10.

—JESSE MARTIN, of Woodford, sold to Edward SMITH, of York, Pa., 41 mule colts at \$65 per head.

—JOHN M. HAIL sold to A. WOLF, of Somerset, the star butcher, 4 1,400-lb. cattle at \$4 and 4 900-lb. do. at \$3.

—THE RICHMOND HERALD says that Lehman Bros. shipped 320 head of cattle Wednesday, which they had bought from different parties at 52 cents. During the season Lehman's have bought over \$100,000 worth of cattle in Madison county.

—ED. MADDEN, a big cattle rancher in Kansas, shipped Wednesday to that state 137 head of calves, yearlings and 2-year-olds, all females, which he bought in Whitley county at an average of \$8. He will take them to his ranch at the proper time breed them to Polled-Angus bulls, an imported stock noted for its hardiness. It is a most unusual thing to see such shipments from Kentucky, but Mr. Madden says he intends to take over 2,500 of that class of stock.

—A FARM of 106 acres, partly in the corporate limits of Georgetown, sold at \$125 per acre.—R. F. Pack sold to Noah Patterson, of Bourbon, 93 wethers at \$4.50 and 100 lambs at \$4 per head.—Some sales of new corn have been made at \$2 per barrel.

—At Munson's sale 2 year-old mules brought \$125; mule colts \$79; milk cows \$4.50 to \$54; weanling calves \$21.60; feeding cattle 5 cents; 40 fat hogs \$4.25 per head; 40 sheep \$3.50 per head; oats 20¢ per dozen; hay \$5.50 to \$8 per stack.—[Times.]

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning - November 2, 1883

## THE FISH-BALL.

By R. E. MUNKELTTON.

Let your—  
One chicken wing,  
And buckwheat cakes and griddle fishes;  
And side by side  
Place lobster fried,  
Pork chops and other choice dishes;And yet unto my dying day,  
While o'er my reason I am lost,  
I stand before the world and say—  
The fish-ball is its own reward!I'm fond of ham  
And crimson jam,  
And macaroni crowned with bacon;  
Yet, while I sigh  
For cake and pie,  
My faith in clams remains unshaken;But when my fancy's running wild,  
And I'm by no gay lark outscared,  
I preach to man and child:  
The fish-ball is its own reward!Oh! gay matin';  
You're often seen  
Nailed up against a door or shutter;  
The little boy  
Just jumps with joy  
To see you served with milk and butter.  
Oh! sweet! far beyond the sea,  
Fifty thousand girls adored,  
The mettle of my soul would be;  
The fish-ball is its own reward!Oh! noble cod!  
To you I nod;  
You make me sad and mod-ulative;  
When toned with wine  
You're quite divine  
Unto the Massachusetts native,  
Oh! when I old and bent and gray,  
With wholesome morals richly stored,  
I hold fair the world and say:  
The fish-ball is its own reward!

A STRANGE STORY.

I have a strange, almost incredible, story to tell of an experience of my own one fearful night in the woods. Imagination had nothing to do with it, for I am a backwood's daughter, accustomed to the wild sounds of the forest, the loneliness, and all that is terrifying to a novice.

My father was a good man, serving God after his own simple fashion, seeing Him and loving Him in His works. I have heard him hold forth on the provident ways of the beaver. "Why! the little critter's starve in the cold season if it hadn't used its little flat tail for buildin' its house, and then fillin' it with food in time!" I have heard him tell of the carriage: "Look at that, too," he would say, "and at the mouse. Now, the carriage has to travel often a matter of twenty miles for his dinner, for he's a dainty 'un, and only eats the long gray moss that hangs from the trees; so God gave him snow-shoes, good as an Injun could make 'em, to skin over the ice crust—while the big, heavy moose there sinks right in. His dinner is close at hand. He could live for months on an acre lot." He could speak the loon, and its adaptation in every way to its watery home—always endearing such talk with: "All God's works are 'pon honor; there's no half-way with Him."

I was the only one left of ten children. My father, when mourning over and missing the others, would never complain but only say, "They're better off. Why, if we can't trust the little children that don't know the meaning of sin, there ain't any chance for the men!" And so he lived his quiet life—his heart beating close to nature's heart, and his soul unconsciously seeking and finding nature's God.

My mother must have been beautiful in her youth. She was a *toreto Canadienne*, and her bright French spirits carried her gayly over many hard trials in her life of frequent deprivation. One great, overshadowing sorrow of her life was the unaccountable disappearance of her little year-old daughter, her only beautiful child—the one in her own image, whom from the first she loved with a peculiar tenderness.

The child had been left alone in her little birch-bark crib for a short half hour, while mother was busy at the spring, a mile from home, in the midst of the woods. I, a little 6-year-old, was off in the canoe with my father, as a treat for having been especially good the day before. Father and I had a splendid time—we always did when we were away together—and our canoe full of trout, we were coming gayly home toward evening, when a cold chill fell on our happiness, and my child's head felt a strange thrill as I read a sudden anxiety in my father's face, whose every change I knew. His quick ear had caught the sound of mother's voice, and, after a while, I, too, could hear a hopeless moan, a dreadful, heart-broken sound. We found mother kneeling on the floor, her hand leaning on the empty crib, and moaning as one that could not be comforted. The baby was gone. How or where we could not tell—we never knew. Weeks were spent in searching for her, and at length, to save mother's reason, father forced her to leave the pretty log cabin in the woods by the lake, where this last sorrow had come upon her, and we went to Montreal.

There we lived quietly for years during the winter time. The name of the great Convent of the Gray Sisters took charge of my education. Mother and I had neat little rooms in the French quarter, while father went off moose-hunting for weary months; but the summer time we always spent with him. He would choose lovely spots for our summer encampments, never on the site of the log cabin deserted after the baby's loss, until the summer of my 19th year. Then a great desire took possession of my mother to go once more to the old home. She had been very delicate that winter, and my great, rough father denied her nothing. I shudder when I think of that beautiful, direful place now—it seems as though our evil fate hovered about it. All the anguish I ever knew culminates there.

We passed one peaceful month together, disturbed only by distant rumors of diphtheria, a scourge which seemed to be striding from village to village, first on the river, then nearer us on the great lake; but we never thought of its touching us, until one miserable night, when father came home, languid and feverish, from one of his numerous expeditions, and we read in his face that the ghastly finger of the scourge had set its mark upon him. After the second day of anxiety about father all strength seemed to fail my delicate little mother. From the first she had despaired about him, and now I saw that, if father's life were taken, I should have to part with them both.

Her life would die with him, for sorrow forges stronger bonds even than joy, and they had suffered so much together, his love always supporting her, that he had become life of her life. She could not exist alone.

I struggled hand to hand, and sick at heart against what I felt to be an inexorable fate, and on the afternoon of the eighth day, I found myself alone and almost despairing, save for the happiness of the two I had loved best in the world.

The sunset came, as I sat by the lake side, flooding my desolated world with a heavenly glory, like a sign from them to me of their new-found joy.

The stars had come out, before I ventured to return to the worse than deserted house. I could not hope for help from any neighbor until I sought it out myself the next day, and I had to look forward to a night, how horrible. I did not foresee or I could not have endured it. What followed I could scarcely credit myself, if I did not bear on my hand a tangible proof in a well-defined scar; and, even now, I could not bear to write of that night's experience, had not my children's laughter, and my loving husband's care long since banished all unnatural gloom from my life.

While I had been sitting alone on the lake shore, toward the evening, I had heard a distant shot; it scarcely roused me. A sportsman, I thought, had wandered from his encampment on the opposite shore, and seen some game in our wildwoods, killed it, and his canoe had long since carried him away. In the gathering darkness I groped my way back through the familiar little path, and reached my own door. I alone should pass the threshold to the future; their feet were still; the busy feet that had toiled for me, followed me, and had been ever near me! I was to go to my rugged path alone! Heartless and overripe, I stopped at the door, and, leaning my head against it, sobbed in uncontrollable despair. Tired out at length, I had grown quiet, and was about to lift the latch, when a faint moan, as of an animal in pain, and close to me, started me; then a death-like silence reigned.

I knew I had been mistaken. I felt that I must forget myself and help the poor creature in distress. "It is very good for strength to know that some one needs you to be strong." No longer hesitating I hurried into the little cabin, struck a light and went in the direction whence the moan had reached my ears. I thought of the shot I had heard. It was quite possible a poor wounded deer was lying in the bushes. Yes, I could now see its skin—unmistakably a fawn-spotted dun color. It lay quite still—perhaps that moan had been its dying gasp—and so I came, quite close to it, leaned over, and, paralyzed with horror, saw my mother's face, only young and very beautiful, as she must have looked when a girl. Deathly pale, possibly, she lay—matted hair all about her face, and clothed in doe-skin. Just then she stirred; it was not death. All wonder ceased within me, every feeling fled before the thought that this being whatever, whoever she was, might be saved to life.

I dragged her the few steps into the house, laid her on my hemlock boughs, untouched by me since the sickness visited us. Then I found a wound in the poor creature's side and bound it up, bathed her head, and, in the quiet, now again I felt startled at seeing my mother's image, young and fair, before me, and, when at length her great eyes opened, I felt it must be that sister lost to me till now, and sent back in this sad hour to take my mother's place. I leaned forward, in an access of tenderness, to welcome her, when a look of fright, an animal-like wild terror, took possession of her face, and a low sort of snarl broke from her human lips.

The start she gave caused a fresh flow of blood; dimness passed over her eyes. Again I stanch'd the wound and prepared nourishment in case she waked. Too busied in these ways for further speculation, only with a strange weight at my heart and weariness of body, suddenly I felt the gleam of eyes watching me. Such strange eyes! No human expression about them; a steathy look at them now. Gently as I could I approached her side. She trembled and tried to hide her head when I offered her my carefully-prepared food. I moved away and studiously avoided any appearance of watching her. Yet I was intensely conscious of her every movement. I could see her eying, with a wretched, famished look, a raw venison steak that had been forgotten and lay on the table close beside her. Stealthily, like a beast of prey, her feeble hand stole toward it, and in a moment she had torn it in pieces and devoured it.

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"WHEN you play that sonata," said a teacher to his pupil, "you must show off your fingering as much as possible." "Don't you fear about that," she responded; "I'll have a finger-ring on every finger."

You should consider your adversity as absent when your senses are departed.

STREET TALK.—"How much better you look, Mrs. S.!" "Yes, I have gained 32 pounds on Hall's Catarrh Cure."

"Don't feel well in 20 years. It has made a complete cure and is worth \$50 a bottle to any one that has the catarrh."

There is no one article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters.

Albert Bowlin, of Sandy Fork, Ky., says Brown's Iron Bitters saved his wife's life when hope was almost gone.

Wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body.

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## STEEL.

The sword was, as the ancient chroniclers said, "the oldest, the most universal, the most varied of arms, the only one which has lived through time. All people knew it; it was everywhere regarded as the support of courage, as the emblem of perfidy, as the mark of commandment, as the companion authority—as the emblem of sovereignty, of power, of force, of conquest, of fidelity, and of punishment." And all this has stood abandoned—to become rags! Look at what it was, and what it is. Its aspect was brilliant; its habits were punctilious; its manners were courtly; its functions were solemn; its contact was ennobling; even its very vices were glittering, for most of them were simply the defects of its superb qualities. It is true that it was sometimes cruel, and that its processes of action were distinctly sanguinary; but those reproaches apply to all other weapons, too. Throughout the ages it grandly held up its head, and haughtily bore its name. It lost no caste when it allied itself with lance and dagger, with battle-ax and helm, for they were of its natural kindred, and even when, in later days, it stooped to generate such lowly offspring as razors, lancets, knives and needles, the world saw no real abasement in the act, for the chivalrous blade was still the image which represented steel to man. But now its whole character has changed; now it has thrown aside its gallantry, its grace, its glory; now it has forsaken its pride for profit, its pomp for popularity. Steel is now bursting coarsely on the earth at the rate of thousands of tons a month. It is positively being made into steam engines, and cannon, and ships, and all sorts of vulgar, heavy, uncouth, useful objects. Worse than all, it is becoming cheap! Steel cheap! The steel of old, the steel of legend and of story, the steel of the paladin and the chevalier, the steel of the noble and the brave, the steel of honor and of might, the steel that was above price, that knew not money and cared naught for profit—that steel is no more. It has been driven contemptuously out of sight by metallurgic persons called Bessemer, and Krupp, and Siemens, and these destructive creators have put into its place a nineteenth-century substance, exactly fitted to a mercantile period, but possessing no title whatever with time or fame.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

JOHN DENNIS AND GEN. FLOYD.

Early in the late civil war, John Dennis, a full negro, believing himself fired with patriotic zeal, and able to serve his country, besought his master, a Geor-

ge Washington Smith, to let him go to the front. Mr. Smith, however, refused to let him go, and the negro returned to his master's service.

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